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Has the finest and most secure vault in
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JANUARY 1, 1892.
ASSETS, \$136,198,518.38
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SURPLUS, \$26,292,980.56
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PURE PEBBLE SPECTACLES SUPPLIED.
We have one of the Finest Test Cases in
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CORRECTED WITH GLASSES.

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First mass, 8:00 a. m.; second mass and sermon,
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Thursday night.

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school at 10:30 a. m.

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.
Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock,
and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30
a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.
Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sun-
day school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

Madisonville.

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Preaching every first and third Sunday, morning
and evening, by T. N. Compton. Prayer-meeting
Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sun-
day morning at 9:15.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by Elder P. H. Felt. Prayer-
meeting on Wednesday evening. Sunday-school
every Sunday morning at 9:15.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.
Preaching every first and fourth Lord's day,
morning and evening, by T. C. Peters. Prayer-
meeting Thursday evening. Sunday-school every
Sunday morning at 9:00 o'clock.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Preaching every second and third Lord's day,
morning and evening, by P. A. Lyon. Prayer-
meeting Wednesday evening. Sunday-school at
9:15 a. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:15.
Preaching every third Sunday afternoon at 4
o'clock by J. S. Cox, of the M. E. Church.

Lodge Directory.

E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 548, F. &
A. M. Stated meetings the first and
third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p.
m. Transient brethren cordially in-
vited to attend. HENRY C. BOWMAN, W. M.
CHAS. COWELL, Secretary.

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A. M. Stated meetings the first and
third Saturdays in each month at 7:30 p.
m. Transient brethren cordially in-
vited to attend. J. B. WYATT, W. G.

C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, F. O. G. T. Reg-
ular meeting of members every Wednesday evening
at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting friends especially in-
vited to attend. Mrs. J. E. DAY, C. T.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary.

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 44, KNIGHTS OF
PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the
Masonic building. All members of the order are
cordially invited to attend.

THOS. D. HARRIS, K. of R. and S. J. PHILLIPS, C. C.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 81, A. O. U. W. meets
every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
T. G. TERRY, Recorder. D. M. EVANS, W. M.

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THE ST. BERNARD CORNET BAND meets at
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All musicians are invited to attend. Meetings
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Secretary of State—John W. Headley.
Assistant Secretary of State—Edward O. Lehigh.
Private Secretary to Governor—Arch D. Brown.
County Attorney—W. J. Hendricks.
Auditor—L. C. Norman.
Treasurer—J. H. Helm.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Ed. Porter.
Register and Land Office—Green B. Swango.
Insurance Commissioner—Henry F. Duncan.
Deputy Commissioner—W. T. Havens.
Adjutant General—A. J. Groves.
Assistant Adjutant General—R. B. Richardson.
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Inspector Public Trusts—W. J. Macy.
Commissioner of Agriculture—Rich. McDowell.
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Railroad Commission—L. A. Spalding, W. B.
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Commonwealth Attorney—John T. Gray.
Circuit Court Clerk—John Chasley.
Judge of County Court—J. E. Deemsey.
County Attorney—C. J. Hendricks.
County Clerk—W. H. Arnold.
Sheriff—E. C. Tapp.
Jailer—Daniel Brown.
Superintendent of Schools—J. J. Glenn.
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Evansville, St. Louis,
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AND SPEED UNRIVALED.

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WITH PULLMAN PALACE CARS
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North, East, South and West,
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C. P. ATKINS, G. P. & T. A.,
Louisville, Kentucky.

SENDING IN A CARD.

Say what ye will o' city ways, they ain't the
kind fer me.
I found that out the time I went a-visitin'
ter see
My son who's doin' bizness in a block
about the size
O' the Allegheny mountains—er I can't be-
lieve my eyes.
I thought I wouldn't write him I was
comin' but I'd make
The trip all unbeknown to him an' walk
right in an' take
Him unawares, because I knowed surpise
'd make the joy
Lots greater to him when I stood right there
before the boy.
An' so I reached the town, an' then I found
a hackman who
Who was glad ter show 'round, an' say,
he charged me fer it, too.
But when we found the office where my son,
he told me, stayed,
I felt so glad that any price he asked me
I paid.
An' when I stepped inside the door, ex-
pectin' there to see
My own dear son, a little office kid stepped
up ter me.
An' when I said I'd see Steve Jones, he said
ter me, "Old pard,
You can't see Mr. Jones until you have sent
him in your card."
Jehosophat! but I was mad an' said ter
him: "My child,
I'd like ter take ye 'cross my knee an' tan
ye for a while.
If Stephen Jones is in this place you trot
him out," said I;
"This thing of sendin' in ye card don't
fit ye Uncle Cy."

At that some other fellers all commenced
a-actin' queer,
An' one laid down his pen an' said: "My
lords, what have we here?"
In jest rebout a minit I'd a thrashed the
sassy pup
Had not my son come in jest then an' cleared
the matter up.
But anyway that circumstance it sort o'
seemed to spile
My ball blamed visit, fer I kept a-thinkin'
all the while
How diff'rent things is gettin' now ter what
they used be
When everbody allers kept their latchstring
out fer me,
An' when, 'th' all my journey done, I stan'
at heaven's gate,
I'll never like the place so well if I'm com-
pelled ter wait,
Shut out from all the glory an' from friends
an' kindred barred
While old St. Peter wastes my time a-send-
in my card.

A WEIRD WARNING.

How The Evil of His Way Was Sug-
gested to an Anglo-maniac.

There was something peculiarly
fascinating to Mr. Marcus Stafford
in the poise of the woman's head
and the contour of her back, as he
stood behind her in an elevated
train that was gliding along the top
of the spindling iron structure that
skirts the Sixth avenue sidewalks.
If you had asked him the next day
to describe her gown or her bonnet
he would have failed utterly; but
her shapely neck, the graceful out-
line of her shoulders and the slope
to her slender waist were photo-
graphed upon his memory so per-
fectly that, unskilled with a pen-
cil as he was, he could have made
a very clever sketch of that back
view that had charmed him as no
back view, or front either, for that
matter, had ever charmed him be-
fore. Marcus Stafford, although a
native of New York, was British in
taste and sympathies, and that back
were an air that to him savored
strongly of Mayfair.

It was not strange therefore that
when, on the evening following,
Mr. Marcus Stafford found himself
gazing upon the same regally po-
sited head, the same deliciously shap-
ely shoulders, arms and waist, and
the swelling hips, he should be
sensible of an uncontrollably vigor-
ous beating of his heart and a
rush of blood to his face. It was
at Mr. Van Tremen's reception,
which he had attended as a social
duty much against his inclination,
and with a conviction that he would
be bored to the verge of madness.
This unexpected meeting was,
therefore, all the more welcome.
He had the day before suddenly
lost sight of the back that had en-
snared him in the rush and bustle
of the crowd that alighted at Fif-
teenth street, and while he enter-
tained a fond notion that he might
in the course of some weeks or
months get another glimpse of its
possessor, he had not dared even to
hope that he would meet her so
soon and under such propitious
auspices.

To secure an introduction now
would, of course, he believed, be
the easiest thing in the world, and
no sooner did he see his enslaver
seated in a cool corner of the con-
servatory, into which she was
passing when he noticed her, than
he hastened away for the son of his
hostess with that object in mind.
As the woman sank into the wicker
chair, whose arms he jealously
thought seemed to be extended in-
vitingly toward her, he for the first
time obtained a full view of her

features. She was certainly very
fair to look upon, and his infatua-
tion was increased tenfold by the
sight of the additional charms that
were thus vouchsafed to him.

When, five minutes later, Mr.
Marcus Stafford returned with
young Dick Van Tremen, only to
find that the arms of the wicker
chair no longer clasped his ideal,
and now seemingly were an air of
exulting delight in having for even
so brief a period held one so tran-
scendently lovely, the gentleman's
dismay was apparent.

"Would you mind coming with
me while I look her up?" he asked,
and as Mr. Van Tremen did not
mind, he thereupon began, as they
walked through the conservatory
together, and out into the series of
smaller rooms, a minute description
of the creature that had so marvel-
lously moved him.

"You don't mean Mrs. Llewellyn
Worthington?" asked the youth,
when at length they had looked into
every nook, corner and crevice
without success.

"Gad, no!" replied Mr. Marcus
Stafford, with palpable disgust and
a pronounced cockney intonation.
"She is Mrs. Llewellyn Worthing-
ton as Helen of Troy to one of
the witches in 'Macbeth.'"

When the clocks, tired of their
exertions of the day, had reduced
their clanging to one, two or three
strokes to the hour, Mr. Marcus
Stafford repaired to the Van Tre-
men heir's own apartments, where,
he had been informed, a cabinet
well stocked with liquors had been
thrown open, and where imported
cigars of costly and delicious brands
could be had for the lighting. The
Van Tremen heir, he found, had
already, by reason of too frequent
and deep potations, reduced him-
self to a state of imbecility that
was little short of ludicrous, and
the other men present were giv-
ing him to the summit of their bent.

Mr. Marcus Stafford helped him-
self to a little green chartreuse, bit
off the end of a regalia, and, find-
ing a comfortable chair, seated
himself therein. As he raised his
eyes he gazed fell upon a portrait
on the opposite wall that drew him
instantly to his feet again. With
nervous step he crossed the floor
and stood transfixed before it.
It was the lady of the elevated train
and of the conservatory, done in
oils, and so admirably done, too,
that she seemed wellnigh a living,
breathing creature.

He turned to question young
Van Tremen as to the portrait's
original, but the young man was
not in a state of mind to reply with
any degree of coherency.

"One of my ancestresses, dear
boy!" he responded, with a "hic!"
to every three words; "been dead
these hundred years. Committed
suicide, or something or other.
Poisoned knife in her heart, be-
cause she was in love with a Tory,
and too patriotic to marry him."
"Nonsense!" muttered the lover
under his breath, "the boy's crazy
drunk."

The early morning was bitterly
cold as Mr. Marcus Stafford sought
his home in that one-time aristo-
cratic neighborhood in the vicinity
of Washington Square, where a
few of New York's old families
still have their abode. He had
dismissed his carriage, believing
that a walk down the avenue would
aid him not a little in making up
to the drowsy god, whose caresses
he now sought, and as he hurried
along, a fine mist of hail began to
fall, which soon glazed the side-
walks into a condition of the ut-
most treacherousness.

A cab standing in front of a
house on the north side of the
square, attracted his attention, nor
was his interest lessened when he
saw a female figure alight from it
and endeavor to cross the pave-
ment. Unmindful of the sleety
condition of the flags, she stepped
out bravely, and the next instant
had fallen.

Mr. Marcus Stafford lost no time
in coming to her assistance. His
strong arms lifted her to her feet,
and a pleasant voice inquired as to
whether she was hurt.

"My ankle is sprained, I fear,"
was her reply, "may I trouble you
to aid me up the stoop?"

The gentleman was only too glad
to be of service. She leaned
heavily upon him, and it was evi-
dent that she was suffering consid-
erable pain. Mr. Marcus Stafford
opened the door with the latch-key
which she gave him. He sup-
ported her into the dimly-lighted
hall, and thence between heavy
portieres of old tapestry, into a

large room on the right of the en-
trance.

A half dozen candles were burn-
ing low, giving a weird, uncanny
appearance to the apartment.

The lady slipped from him to a
place upon a sofa which occupied
one corner of what was evidently
the parlor. As she did so, the
black cloak which had enveloped
her fell back.

Mr. Marcus Stafford uttered a
cry of recognition. Before he was
aware of it the exclamation had es-
caped his lips.

"It is she!" he cried.

The lady looked up in apparent
amazement, and for the first time
her gaze fell upon the features of
Mr. Marcus Stafford. In an instant
his face blanched, and an expres-
sion of dread overspread it as a veil.

"No! no!" she shrieked, "it
cannot, it must not be! You are
not loyal. I would die first, rather
than you, love you though I may."

A small jeweled poniard, sharp
as a serpent's fang, flashed back the
flickering glow of the now dying
candles.

A wild scream rang through the
cheerless room, and at the same
moment the lights were extinguish-
ed by a sudden gust of wind.

Mr. Marcus Stafford fled in hor-
ror from the house vexed by a
thousand surrying emotions. At
the corner he found a policeman.

"Come quickly," he implored, "a
lady in a house midway down the
block has committed suicide."

The officer joined him, and to-
gether they hastened back. The
gentleman led the way up the stoop
but the policeman hesitated.

"In there?" queried the minion
of the law.

"Yes, in here!" was the response.

"Sure, you're joking," returned
the officer, "can't you see that the
floors of the place ain't laid yet?
It's a new building they're putting
up on the sight of the old Van Tre-
men mansion which nobody lived
in for years because it was haunted.
The only suicide in there was com-
mitted over a century ago. They
tell some story, I believe, about a
young Miss Van Tremen killing
herself for a chap named Stafford.
He was a Tory and she was a pa-
triot, and she wouldn't marry him
for love or money.—The Spectre.

DANIEL BOONE'S HOME.

Missouri has been more careful
than Kentucky in preserving the
memory of Daniel Boone, the
pioneer whom civilization crowded
from the banks of the Kentucky to
the still more thinly peopled West.
To the stranger passing through
the valley of the Femme Osage, in
the eastern portion of Missouri,
the greatest object of interest is
the house built years ago by Dan-
iel Boone. A correspondent re-
cently wrote for the Globe-Demo-
crat a description of the place.

Back from the winding valley
road, at a respectable distance, it
stands, low-eaved, dingy, massively
built. So near the big bluff is it
that, seen from the west, it seems
to be entirely within the embrace
of the cedar-crowned arms of the
rock towering above it. Almost a
century old, it is solid-looking and
defiant of the passing time as its
granite background.

Here the last years of Daniel
Boone's life were spent, and in the
little upstairs room facing the frame
addition, which phlegmatic utilita-
rians have built as a "lean to," the
spirit of the greatest pioneer known
in Western history winged its way
to that world which even he might
not explore in the flesh. With the
growing reverence for history treat-
ing of America and Americans, it
is passing strange that the foremost
pioneer in the development of the
West should be so nearly forgot-
ten. The bones of Boone now rest
in Kentucky soil, in what he called
"the happy hunting ground." But
all ends there. No attempt has
been made to appropriately mark
the spot where Marthasville, in
Warren county, where Boone's
body was first consigned to the
earth. The German tenant of the
house in which the great pioneer
died has no knowledge of its his-
tory. If it were not for the old
stone house in the valley of the
Femme Osage, and the numerous
interesting bits of history in the
country where he died, his memory
would be a misty blur upon the
minds of the oldest and as a blank
to the younger generation.

The house in which he died is an
interesting structure. It was built
nearly a century ago. The walls
are of bright blue limestone, and
in the many years of storms have
changed but little. Somber gray-

ish tints running through it here
and there alone show the ravages
of time. In many places the walls
are more than six feet thick, and
safely inside a wayfarer defies the
elements. When the massive old
structure was erected it marked
the extreme limit of Western agri-
cultural efforts. It was, in fact,
on the boundary line between the
known civilization west of the Miss-
issippi river and the unknown wild-
erness still further west of it. It
was one of the first houses erected
in St. Charles county, and at that
time the now fertile fields along
both banks of the Femme Osage
were a dense wilderness. Hostile
Indians were on all sides. In this
wilderness the sturdy pioneer built
his home. In it none but the most
lasting material was used—blue
limestone for the walls, and hand-
sawed oak and black walnut for
the woodwork.

The latter days of the pioneer's
adventurous life were spent at this
place, with his sons, Nathan and
D. M. Boone. For several years
he occupied a garret room in the
old house as a sitting-room and a
workshop combined. In this room
he spent many days carving curi-
ous powder horns as souvenirs for
his children and friends. It was in
this little garret room, too, that he
kept the cherrywood coffin, which
he used with his own hands, in which
he was finally buried.

Several miles below the Boone
homestead is a farm formerly owned
by Daniel Boone, which was by
him transferred to William Cashow.
Richard Watson, who now owns
and lives upon the farm has the
deed from Daniel Boone to Cashow.
The signature of the pioneer
is plainly visible. It was written
firmly, but by a hand which betray-
ed the tremor of old age. The
consideration was "\$320, American
money." Jno. B. Callaway, a Jus-
tice of the Peace for Femme Osago
township, affixed his signature, on
May 5, 1815, and the deed was du-
ly filed with the Recorder of Deeds
of St. Charles county. Besides this
interesting souvenir, Mr. Wat-
son has a number of articles, a ta-
ble and several canes made from
walnut lumber taken from the fort
in Darst Bottom, built by the pio-
neer. At this place the Boones
were besieged for several days by
hostile Indians. Their water sup-
ply, which was taken from the big
spring near by, was cut off, and
they were forced to dig a well near
the fort.

Jefferson Callaway, a respectable
colored man, now a resident of
Marthasville, where Boone was
buried, has a vivid recollection of
the great woodsman. He remem-
bers him as a tall, dignified man,
walking with a cane. A feature
of his dress was a cape of dressed
deer skin. Boone was a very quiet
man, courteous to all he met. A
few years before his death he be-
came taciturn and moody, and
would, several times each day, go
into his garret workshop and
get into his coffin to "try the fit of
it."

Unable to Give a Plain Answer.

Martin Van Buren had the repu-
tation of being unable to give a
plain answer to a plain question.

One day, when he was on board
a steamer the passengers were
talking of this peculiarity, and one
of them observed, "I'll wager that
one of us shall go down and ask
Mr. Van Buren the simplest ques-
tion that can be thought of, and he
will evade a direct answer. Yes,
and I'll give you leave to tell him
why the question is asked, and
that there is a bet depending on
his reply."

This seemed fair enough, certainly;
for to be forewarned was to be
forearmed. One of the party was
deputed to try the experiment.

He found Mr. Van Buren, and said
to him: "Mr. Van Buren, some
gentlemen on the upper deck have
been accusing you of non-commu-
alism, and have just laid a wager
that you wouldn't give a plain an-
swer to the simplest question. Now,
Mr. Van Buren, let me ask you—
where does the sun rise?"

Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted.
He hesitated a moment, and
then replied, "The terms east
and west, Mr.—, are conventional;
but I—"

"That'll do," interrupted the in-
terrogator; "we've lost the bet."

The Methodist Episcopal church
of this country will spend \$1,275,
000 in missionary work next year.
Of it 55 per cent, or \$701,250 will
be applied to foreign work and 45
per cent, or \$573,750, to domestic
work.

Preparing Plants For Winter.

The fall is the time for preparing
those plants chosen to brighten the
home during the winter.

Examine the earth carefully and
see that it is free from insects and
grubs. It is a good plan to put
pansful of loamy garden earth and
leaf mold mixed into the oven and
bake it half an hour. This will
kill all insects, and when the earth
is cool it is ready to use. Cut off
all water soaked roots and then
press the earth firmly around the
plants, using always the common
red earthen pots with separate
saucers for each pot.

Keep repotted plants in a shady
place for a week or so, until the
roots are well settled in their new
homes. Do not let these plants
bloom for a month or two, but
pinch off all buds that the strength
of plant may be concentrated in
the roots, in order to produce a
new, vigorous growth of branches.

Those with gay colored flowers
need all the sunlight they can get,
and for them a south window is
the best. There are a few plants,
like pansies, primulas and corne-
lias, that like the shade and thrive
in a northern window.

The best success in indoor plant
growth comes from a uniform
temperature of fifty to sixty degrees
at night and from sixty to seventy-five
degrees during the day. A higher
temperature is only needed by semi-
tropical flowers. Plants not only
need a cooler temperature in the
night, but also darkness. Shield
plants with newspapers in the eve-
ning if the gas in the room is
lighted.

A cause of spindling growth is
the lack of air. Plants shut up in
the house get sensitive and are lia-
ble to suffer if there is a sudden fall
in the temperature, but if they are
given plenty of fresh air daily, un-
less the day is very inclement, they
will thrive and be sturdy. Do not
open a window directly on plants
in wintry weather, but rather let
the fresh air filter in more gradu-
ally through a distant door or window.

Plants in windows should be
turned once or twice a week. A
fine form, which is half the beauty
of a plant, cannot be attained with-
out this. Plants should also be
shielded from the dust which rises
in dusting and sweeping rooms. A
newspaper is suitable to prevent
the settling of dust over them, but
this care is not enough. Each
plant should be washed thoroughly
and frequently to keep its pores un-
clogged, for plants breathe through
them.

Fashion Writers and Fact.

I cannot understand why the
fashion writers completely ignore
all classes but the very wealthy,
but they do it nevertheless, and I
am getting downright mad, says a
contributor to the Detroit Tribune.
So there! I wonder if they think
there are no women except the
very rich and the very poor. If so
they are mistaken, for the vast ma-
jority of women are like you and
me, my dear, who are not so poor
that we have to go ragged, nor yet
so rich that we can order our cos-
tumes regardless of expense. We
have sufficient means to enable us,
with a little economy, to be well
and suitably dressed on all occa-
sions, and stylishly withal. But
those fashion writers! They fairly
make my blood boil. When you
are in need of an evening dress
they will inform you that a simple
but pretty one can be obtained by
combined white Chinese crepe,
embroidered in gold with white
and gold brocade velvet, set off
with a girdle of pearls. That
sounds tempting, doesn't it? So
you begin to figure: Crepe, seven
yards at \$4 per yard, \$28; velvet,
two yards at \$5.50 per yard, \$11;
silk lining, \$5; pearl girdle, \$12;
findings, \$3; total, \$64.50, without
the making, and every cent you
have in the world is a \$20 gold
piece. You feel ready to cry, of
course, and then you get real mad
and throw the book on the floor
and stamp on it, and then you feel
better. You rise superior to Dame
Fashion and her pretty scribbles,
and out of your own fertile brain
you involve a gown as lovely as a
dream, and you have \$3.50 left to
buy a pair of gloves and a box of
candy (the latter as a reward of
merit to yourself for being so
economical.)